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EDITORIAL

WOMEN'S HATS

The calendar says that spring is once again upon us, bringing with it the gay and colorful feast of Easter. Easter, the time of the year that the flowers of our fairer sex use for an excuse to parade their best bib and tucker down the well trodden path to the local house of worship. Easter, the time of the year when we all sharpen up, just a bit, with a new dress or tie, or maybe a suit or a hat. Hat! Hold it! We've gone far enough. Or maybe too far already.

We have seen in the past, types of headdress so dainty and terrible on women that even the ancient Methuse-lahs refuse to comment on them. A disgusted grunt and an impatient wave of the hand is all that will come forth after careful interrogation. Even they are looking to the day when a simple universal tam-o-shanter will be adopted by our charming damsels.

Why? Girls, take that hat out of the box in the closet. Hold it up and take a good look at it. Those B-29's shooting down out of the sun aren't practical at all, are they? If you ask me, they are enough to scare him half to death. At least to cause him to duck for cover.

Now look at your sister's hat. That fruit basket really looks palatable, doesn't it? My advice, if you're not too proud to take it, is this. Get a pair of scissors and cut the twelve-inch brim off and put the basket in the middle of the dining room table. It originally came from there anyway.

Well, girls, you know now how some of us feel. If you are wise, you will think it over before you spend a

six months' allowance for a silly beanie. But if you choose to be the same as ever, go pick out the most outlandish piece of headgear you can find. Most of us fellows will be waiting anxiously to see you, because we haven't had a good laugh for a long time, anyway.

STEPHEN DOHERTY, '47

BASEBALL, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

With the doors opening for the baseball season, and Old Man Winter fading away rapidly, our spring training will soon be getting under way. When our coach takes out our batteries, those things they sell at Arsenault's garage, we won't be going south to Florida, but we will be going south to Grogan's. You know, that's the place which resembles Fenway Park so much, only instead of seating 35,000, it seats 1,000. Instead of having a wall advertising Gillette razor blades, Lifebuoy soap, and Calvert whiskey, we have a dirty old railroad advertising black soot across the infield. Instead of having a smooth, level, million dollar infield, we have a diamond which resembles the ocean at high tide. Instead of having a green, grassy outfield, we have so little grass that if a cow were to graze out there, it would starve to death. Instead of having fans who yell, "Kill the umpire," "Murder the ump.", we have fans who yell, "Kill the players," "Murder the coach." Instead of getting \$100.00 per game and an extra \$25.00 if they win, we get, "Nice going" if we win and we get "Hell" if we lose.

By the time you read this in the *Journal* the season will be well under way and we will be winning game after game, so why don't all you lovely bums come down and see us play? When the hat is passed around all you have to do is drop a ten dollar bill in it. That will take care of us financially. By the way, don't bring any pop bottles to heave at us. We can't catch two things at the same time!

ROBERT MITCHELL, '47

ADMINISTRATIVE ERRORS

Why should the veteran stand for the abuse he is receiving from the War Assets Administration handling surplus goods? Our government was the first to say that veterans should be and would be the first to bid for excess war materials. This is all well and good, but what system has been set up to distribute these materials fairly? To the veteran there is no system except a group of grafting politicians who seek millions for their own pockets.

They knew that there were thousands of usable trucks and cars in good condition that were to be sold, but the only way a veteran could obtain one was to buy in lots of a half dozen or more. This way only large business men were able to buy, since very few individuals had need for more than one, and lacked the money to buy more than one. Large garages were able to obtain these vehicles at small cost and resell at enormous profits.

This problem might have been overlooked if it had stopped with trucks and cars, but practically everything is sold in this manner.

Something should be done to rectify these errors.

ALFRED R. BOECLIN, P. C.

A MOVIE IN NORTH ANDOVER

One of the things that our town of North Andover lacks is a good movie

theatre. Moving pictures are one of the favorite pastimes of the American people. Having a theatre in our town would be very helpful in keeping youths from the streets, bookie joints, pool rooms or other hang-outs.

Movies can be very educational if the right pictures are selected. Take, for example, "The Beginning or the End." This picture shows the dangerous points of the atomic bomb. The theatre could also be used for our annual minstrels and school plays. Another thing they could have in the theatre is an amateur show. One evening could be set aside for amateurs of our home town who could be able to show their talents.

Other towns such as Methuen and Andover have been successful in doing these things with their theatres. What North Andover needs is a good theatre.

CARMEN PETTERUTO, '47

A WEEK TO BE REMEMBERED

Not long ago we had one week set aside for the purpose of keeping our school clean. During that week every student tried with little effort to do his part and as a result the general appearance of the school was very satisfactory. No one, as far as any one knows, strained himself in doing his or her share.

Now that the Clean Up Week spirit has more or less died within us, we have grown careless of our school once again in our efforts to keep it clean. We are not half so careless as we were before the drive, but undoubtedly you've noticed the waste paper has been littered around unattractively in some places. If we could only get into the habit of throwing our waste paper into one of the many baskets that are placed throughout the school, it would save somebody a lot of work. The principle of it all is not wholly to save somebody a lot of labor, but also to see to it that we, the student body, have

enough pride in our school to keep it in tip-top shape. It's expected of us, so let's live up to our clean-up characters.

GENE BOEGLIN, P. G.

CALLING ALL GIRLS

Education is a wonderful thing. It has been proven down through the ages. In one field, however, it is today lacking. That field is courtesy and manners. Take a good look around Johnson and observe carefully the actions of our boys. How many of them allow a girl to pass first? Oh, yes, a few green-horned freshmen, who haven't learned the ropes of the superior seniors. They are supposed to set a good example, but do they? At a school dance you are lucky if you even get asked to dance; usually a shove on the floor is sufficient. I really feel sorry for the chaperones at a dance. They sit all evening in their secluded corner and the boys never ask them to dance.

A teen-ager now-a-days is not "one of the boys" unless his language is rough and tough. He even speaks to us like that. Now I ask you, girls, what are we going to do about it? Are we going to sit back and let courtesy and manners go flying out the window? No! Remember — "Hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn!" Take heed, girls.

JOYCE GILMAN, '47

THE SNOB

The subject of this article, a menace to society, and a selfish individual, is often the cause of disturbances and disappointments. A small group, wholeheartedly discussing plans for a successful party which provides for the entertainment of all, is usually disillusioned when snobbish members bring up some distasteful information about some individual.

Snobs usually think they are more privileged than ordinary beings. They love to get in front of other people in

lines, and they take great joy in laughing at other people's unfortunate mistakes.

Aggregations of these snobs are called cliques. Cliques are dangerous to society when they operate in full force. Their parties are just for themselves. They use their wiles to gain offices of various organizations. Their clubs aren't large enough to hold all, yet they won't even lower themselves by speaking to others outside their own group.

Snobs never have any consideration of other people's feelings. They just take pride in gaining high social positions for themselves.

MARIE GALVAGNA, '48

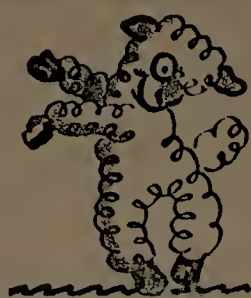
DEEPER CONSIDERATION

When boys and girls graduate from grammar school they are considered somewhat matured. A visit to our high school would certainly be unfavorable to any executive. Expecting to see studious, but normal, students at work studying, he would be perplexed at what actually confronted him.

Our mechanical geniuses are busy dismantling desks and chairs. What pleasure these destructive demons merit is beyond conception. When the innocent party stirs, his chair topples over and his fellow classmates burst into convulsions of laughter. Our completely bewildered friend of renown might step in and insist on an explanation of this so-called joke. Of course there would be no logical reply.

It seems as if a little consideration could eliminate this inane trick. Someone is paying for the property and for your benefit. The least you can do is regard your few commodities honorably. Less back breaking effort on your part may save someone from a broken back. Think of this when you are instigating some devilish trick.

DAVID MANAHAN, 'P. G.



LITERARY

TO BE OR NOT TO BE — TARDY

There are innumerable methods of delaying your arrival in school. Mine are not done intentionally; on the contrary, merely sub-consciously. The following is typical of the majority of my school days.

Usually before going to bed, I contemplate the alarm clock while these ludicrous thoughts run through my faculties, "Set it five minutes earlier, so you can remain in bed for five minutes after it rings." This is very impractical, because I will drift back into dreamland and more than five minutes will elapse. Or, "Set it five minutes later. Then you can immediately get up when it rings, and still will have received your extra five minutes." However, jumping to my feet immediately is very improbable, so that five minutes will be lost and perhaps more. Finally, I compromise and set it five minutes after I would like it to ring, and five minutes before it will undoubtedly ring.

The alarm clock shrills as acutely as the smallest angle of a triangle, piercing through my innermost being.

"God's nightgown!" I ejaculate, not intending to be blasphemous. "A fire alarm, telephone, maybe it's the doorbell," I mumble. "Where are my slippers? Oh, here's my robe!" Walking down the front stairs in a half stupor, I realize dimly that our doorbell has chimes and not a buzzer effect. Well, then, it must be the telephone. I lift up the receiver. "Hello!" I croak, and then louder, "Hello!" Hm, no one there. Wonder what that ringing could be. Maybe it's an internal defect in my ears. Better go

back to bed. Thus soliloquizing, I shamble aimlessly into my bedroom, where the ringing undulates over my head, bestowing the effect of a drowning victim. "Better look at the time, but, oh, where is that clock?" The lamp falls over with a sickening crash, but no rotund instrument seems to encounter my fingers. Yes, there it is. Peculiar outcome: as I pick up the demon, the ringing subsides. It certainly wasn't the alarm clock which had been ringing. I had just this minute gone to bed! Or was it? That homely, intellectual face glowers at me. Seven-thirty is a blot all over it. "Why can't a person pay more attention to that inarticulate piece of mechanism?" I wail.

LOUISE R. CONSOLI, '48

DISMISSAL TIME

A bell echoes through the quiet building. Immediately there is a sound of impatient feet going as fast as they can and still staying out of the running zone. Boys and girls in gaily colored sweaters come in streams down all the stairways. There is a mad scramble in the cloak room for rubbers, mittens and scarves. Cheery "good-byes" are called to one another. As they leave in chattering groups you can hear their joyous cries way past the next corner. Within ten minutes the school is quiet and deserted. Only those who are staying behind for a half hour or so as reminder to behave more like ladies and gentlemen can be seen moving soberly, through the corridors to Room 6.

MARY CLARE HICKEY, '48

THE OPERATION FIEND

H—— had just returned from the hospital after having a recent operation, and seeing she was one of my nearer neighbors, I felt, against my better judgment, that I should go to see how she was. I prepared myself for an afternoon transcription of her eventful operation, and set out.

She herself answered my light tap on the door. (I may have been unconsciously hoping she would not be home, thus accounting for such a light tap.) She ushered me in with an expression which seemed to me to say, "Why, how glad I am to see you — now I can tell you every little detail about my operation."

I wasn't too far from wrong because I just happened to drop a casual "How are you?" and she picked me right up on it.

"Oh," was her dramatic reply, "I'm as well as can be expected after such an ordeal, but I'd rather not talk about it. The shock still has left me in a rather nervous state. Perhaps I'd better sit down and rest a while. Have to take things easy now, you know."

With that remark I knew just what to expect, but I said innocently, "Oh, was it as serious as all that? I was under the impression you just had your —"

"Oh, yes, it was very serious. I was a little hesitant on having it at first because I wasn't sure how it would affect me, but after some careful consideration, I thought it was something that would probably have to be done sooner or later and I might as well suffer the consequences now. It wasn't bad enough to be taking such a risk to have the operation, but while I was in the hospital it was most depressing. I had a radio beside my bed, so when I was suffering the most I'd tune in some music or some nice story and it would help to comfort me a little, but the woman in the room with me complained about it and they took

it out. I thought that was very selfish of her not to be willing to let me forget my suffering by listening to the radio. She must have had a year's supply of magazines, papers and candy, and just to annoy me, she'd lie there all day chewing on that candy, and rattling the papers. You know that revengeful kind."

"Oh, that's too bad," I sympathized with her to be polite. I was saying just as little as possible for fear that I would say something to offend the poor miserable soul, and also so I wouldn't suggest other aspects of the situation for her to build up in her dramatic way.

"This operation was quite an expense, too," she continued. So you see, I didn't have to make any suggestions to her — she probably had her line of attack all planned before she left the hospital, and each person heard the same story until she had a new painful (I say painful because things could be no other way for her) experience. "But when illness is concerned I don't believe in scrimping and scraping — I just decided I wouldn't think of the financial part until absolutely necessary." By that she must have meant after the bill had arrived and couldn't be put off any longer.

"By the way," I said nonchalantly, "just what kind of operation did you have, anyway?" Oh, yes, I knew already — but after her narration I was beginning to wonder if perhaps I was mistaken.

"Why, didn't you know — I had my tonsils out."

JUNE SCHMOTTLACH, '48

THE DUCHESS

The dishwasher ran to the window. The waitresses all climbed over her back. The curious cook side-tracked her bubbling soup to look on. All summer they had waited. Now the whole kitchen was in an uproar. The

"Duchess" had arrived! She wore a foot-length, organdy, taffeta dress with artful paintings on the blouse part. A white linen cape, sparkling with sequins, covered her shoulders and extended to her feet. Henna hair was in a neat up-sweep, and glistening diamond ear rings adorned her ears. Her glasses had pure yellow-gold rims with diamond settings. Her nails were noticeably long, with shining red polish neatly splashed upon them. But that was not all that made her hands and nails elegant. She burdened her right fourth finger with a diamond that was "out of this world." On her left hand fourth finger were two beautifully set diamonds and a wedding ring of eight diamond stones. Extravagant *isn't* the word, but "Duchess" suits her to a T.

ELAINE CHAMPION, '48

AN ANIMAL I LOVED

When I moved to North Andover about eight years ago, my father and mother bought me a black Scottie. One day when my father came home I noticed a little black head sticking out of his coat pocket. The puppy was no bigger than a midget. The minute I saw him I promptly named him "MacTavish."

The next day I got up bright and early so I could take him out to the back yard and play with him. As I dashed out to the kitchen, I could hear him whimpering. When I opened the door, there he was, sitting with his pan in his mouth. The minute he saw me, he dropped his pan. It made a loud noise as it fell to the floor, and woke my parents up. My mother came out to the kitchen and sat down on a chair. When she did this, Mac hopped onto her lap and started to lick her face.

That evening as I got into bed, I could hear Mac whining, so I went out to see what the matter was. He

was scratching at the back door, so I let him out. He dashed out to the back yard and came back, happy as could be, with his pan in his mouth. Ever since then he has brought his pan in with him at the end of the day.

Mac died about a year ago.

MARILYN CALIRI, '50

MISS PRIM

Seated stiffly erect on the edge of the seat, the prim, polished, thin, sal-low-cheeked old maid was eyeing with open disdain the boisterous antics of two young girls who wore bobby-sox, their badge of identification. Seated upright on her head was a black straw sailor hat which was innocent of any adornment but the black gros-grain ribbon which encircled the crown. Her stiffly starched white cotton blouse was firmly clasped at the neck with an antiquated cameo. Her navy blue gabardine suit was severely tailored. In her lap she held an out-moded alligator handbag. Her hands were covered with heavy black cotton gloves. Her stockings were of the heaviest beige cotton, and finally, as if to make a strong emphasis of her character, were the laced, flat-heeled black oxfords on her feet. Here was a typical lady of the old world, completely oblivious to changing modes of the day.

MARIE GALVAGNA, '48

ON CATS

You may pet him, pamper him, and baby him, but he will remain "the cat who walks by himself." A striking example of this may be found in my own cat, "Spook." Spook condescends to eat our food and sleep by the radiator, but only because he can't find a better place to go. If he doesn't like the food, he will attempt to bury it by scratching at the linoleum around his dish, a little vexed by the lack of dirt. If the day dawns bright and the night is warm, he will not

even return for meals, and persistent calling is of no avail, though he be under the very steps.

He resigns himself to my petting, letting me pat him on the head and scratch him under the chin. If in a good mood, he will even do the only trick he knows; he will roll over on his back, from side to side, as I snap my fingers. Then thinking himself quite an actor, he will jump up onto my favorite chair and be immediately asleep.

One day, with a bold and arrogant step, Spook was strutting down the sidewalk when a premature bark caused him to throw a disdainful glance over his shoulder. In that glance he perceived not the neighborhood puppy (whom at different times he took a fiendish pleasure in whaling), but a gigantic dog thundering down on him. Spook was off in a black streak for the front door. I tore the door open and he ran through to the kitchen, where he finally came to a stop. He composed himself, and then, with stately dignity, walked through the dining room to the living room, where he shot a glance at me as if to say, "If you hadn't opened that door you might have been deprived of my company."

A cat is a wonderful animal, but never make the mistake of thinking you own him. He may purr melodiously for you and drool all over your sweater, but he has one master, himself.

DONALD G. JAMES, '47

TAR ASHORE

Bosn'mate Kolosky was intoxicated at the time, but I shall try to review to you his appearance. Atop his thickly settled scraggly head was a black stocking hat, perched dangerously. His brusque manner could be heard through the swinging doors and out onto the pier. As he sat down, his huge Navy jacket tightened about his

chest, arms, and shoulders, showing weather-beaten, massive muscles beneath. His traditional bell-bottomed trousers, much too short, showed plainly his high, scarred shoes, which, I learned later, were size 12½. After several hours of talking and drinking, he scraped back his chair, said good-bye, and prepared to depart. He daintily tip-toed out of the tavern, stumbling over invisible objects which were mostly his sea-legs. Cap-sizing several times, he finally regained a standing position and picked his way to his ship, which, to his amazement, was spinning 'round and 'round in the dock.

PETER WHITE, '48

A PORTRAIT OF TIPPY

Dear, bowlegged, wobbly Tippy! He is the roliest, poliest ball of perpetual motion ever seen! His eyes are two live coals when he is angry, and they melt away to their usual bright loveliness. His black button nose is frequently being thrust into places where it has no business, often being burned, bruised or half broken. But don't think that any disaster will succeed in squelching his inquisitiveness! His ears are like thermometers; they rise when he is greeted warmly, but droop when we act coldly toward him.

A thick coat of tawny hair covers his pink little body, and I fear, offers a home for many fleas. His tail is forever wagging. I believe he is very proud of it, for it does have a beautiful white tip, which is the reason for his name.

When meeting you, Tip runs on the bias, with his head thrust out, eyes aglow, pink tongue showing, and tail wagging madly.

All in all, Tippy is the most lovable, cunning, playful, little fellow imaginable.

KATHLEEN DONNELLY, '50

WAITING IN LINE FOR MOVIE TICKETS

You leave your home in hopes of seeing the picture for which you have been waiting for two months. It has been advertised in all the magazines and newspapers, and you can hardly wait until you are seated comfortably in the movie. But — oh — when you reach the theater, what do you see? Yes, you guessed it; a line as long as the equator! What a disappointment!

But you are a person of strong will, and you are determined to see this picture, no matter what. So you might as well get in the line. Don't you feel insignificant at the end of this endless stretch of humanity? After you've been waiting about five minutes, you find that you have advanced a foot—a whole foot! Eight people are behind you now. Somehow you don't feel so lonesome. Just then, the person in front of you leaves the line and rushes up to a person at the beginning of the queue. You see him give this person some money, and you say to yourself, "What nerve! Why doesn't he wait in line like the rest of us? Does he think he's a privileged character or something? Oh, why doesn't this line move?"

You've been waiting at least a half hour now. You start looking at the woman's hat in front of you. You scrutinize every little detail (because there's nothing else to do) and come to the conclusion that women's hats are the droopiest, drippiest, dizziest things you've ever seen created. Your eyes start wandering all the way up the line, looking at this and that, when all of a sudden they focus on someone you've never really appreciated before—your next-door neighbor—and she's only three away from the ticket window. It seems to you now that there is no one in the world whom you would rather see. You rush up to her and ask her if she'll buy

your ticket. She agrees, and you are finally in the theater.

When you start thinking of what you did, you realize that you have done just what you hated, and accused the other person of doing. But you justify your actions by thinking, "Oh, I don't make a habit of it," and settle down to enjoy the picture.

ELEANOR GEORGE, '48

BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH

A symbol may come into being quite by accident, as in the case of the Fifth Symphony, by Beethoven, where the opening rhythm corresponds to the Morse code for the letter V. But a symbol becomes powerful only at the moment of deep and inevitable correspondence — where conviction, arising from deep conviction, and the music speak to us strongly because the problems of Beethoven's world were so like ours.

He tasted the bitterness of tyranny when Vienna was twice occupied by Napoleon. The word "liberty" was a firebrand which had lately started a revolution in France, and another in the American Colonies. Beethoven made the dreams of liberation for oppressed peoples articulate, in music which was both a proclamation and an exhortation. No other voice rises so ringingly from his epoch, and surely as yet none in ours.

We need his kind of fearless conviction. Imagine Beethoven's reaction if he were with us today and were told of that incident at Vichy when the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" were stricken from the mangled Republic of France. That would have stirred Beethoven to one of his best transports of anger, for those words were Beethoven's whole credo. The old slogan has been repeated thoughtlessly these many years, but it is not threadbare yet.

The Fifth Symphony is not the only one which is defiant in its first

movement, triumphant in its last. The Third Symphony, the "Eroica," has both qualities in equal degree, and so has a great deal of the music of Beethoven's middle years. Where he had a specific text, as in the opera, "Fidelio," we hear again of that hope which was close to Beethoven's heart and is close to ours — the liberation of the world of men from the power of the oppressive few.

MARIE CONSOLI, '47

AND THEN THERE WAS DARKNESS

It would be difficult to describe the brotherhood of men that was established on the seas. But it dwelt in the boat and each man felt it, and it warmed him.

There were only four men in the battered boat, the captain, cook, correspondent and the oiler. You couldn't find a more ready and swiftly obedient crew than these motley four, because they were all striving for one thing, to get safely to shore.

Of the four, none had slept any time worth mentioning for two days and two nights previous to their escape from the deck of their floundering ship. The oiler and the correspondent were the rowers, the cook had the task of bailing out the boat, and the captain, who at this time was injured, softly commanded his orders.

Rowing was not an amusement. It was a diabolical punishment, a horror to the muscles and a crime against the back. The waves were a menace, the horizon narrowed, and widened, the small boat dipped and bobbed first over one tall wave, then down and up over the other.

Finally they sighted shore, but because of the swift current they were forced back out to sea again to seek their luck elsewhere. Darkness approached, and the white-capped waves paced to and fro in the moonlight. The dark huddled figures in the boat

sat quietly in prayer. Where was the hope they once had? Had they all lost it?

Then, a monstrous wave, a cry for mercy, ice cold water that numbed the body, then down, down into fathoms of black water. Then stillness and everlasting darkness.

MARY FRECHETTE, '47

NIGHT FOR A MURDER

Silence and suspense gripped the moonlight on the solitary country road. The slight mist that rose from the ground gave undetermined outlines to the rocks that studded the tract of land. There wasn't any breeze, sound, or motion of any sort to injure the perfect stillness. No sound, that is, except the steady shuffle of feet of a tired human being moving through the night. This man was old, having streaks of wrinkles on his bronzed face. It was the first time Mr. Kilroy had ever felt this uneasiness, for he had traveled countless miles in the darkness with only the stars for companions, after a long day's work in the city. This walk had to be taken, because there wasn't any room in town. Every night he had to travel several miles to his cabin. Because he had spent half of his life in the wilds, complete solitude was nothing new to him. It was the darkness of this particular night that disturbed him.

Mr. Kilroy was heading nearer home, for he could smell the wonderful cooking done by his wife. A sigh of relief came over him when he saw his home looming among a clump of trees. The thought of murder disappeared as he opened the door to his home.

JESSIE GUCCIARDI, '48

MY FIRST DANCE

It had finally happened. Don had called and asked me to go with him to the Y. M. C. A. dance.

For two long weeks the days

dragged slowly by, and at long last the night of the big dance arrived. The air outside was cool and crisp, and stars sparkled merrily in the black, velvet sky. It was a perfect night for a formal dance.

My gown was pale blue net, which billowed at the waist, and fell in soft folds to my silver-slippered feet. Here and there, tiny silver sequins twinkled like bright stars among the yards of fluffy material. My wrap was of soft, snowy-white rabbit's fur, and even though I was wearing my sister's best evening jacket and it was my first dance, I felt quite grown-up and experienced.

My escort had informed me the dance would begin at 8:30, but at 7:00 I was dressed and eager to leave on my adventure. Finally about 8:30 I heard a car stop outside, and I ran in a most un-ladylike manner to greet my friend. I needn't tell you how astonished I was when the door swung open and I was greeted by my escort, clad in torn, faded dungarees and a patched, Navy sweater!

He took one long look at me, swallowed hard, and said in a slow voice, as if it were the least important thing in the world, "Oh, didn't I tell you, we're having a barn-dance this year, instead of the formal?"

So I spent the evening of my first dance, not in a lovely long gown, as I had expected, but in a faded dress, two sizes too big, dancing with my Prince Charming, not in shining armor, but, in, of all things, dungarees!

RUTH SANFORD, '50

LOCKED OUT

It was a clear summer night when Jean, Louise, and I came walking up the quiet street. We had just come from the movies in a neighboring town. My mother and father had gone away for the week-end, so my friends were sleeping with me. We were chat-

ting merrily about the things we were going to do together. Dashing up the stairs, I suddenly remembered that I had no key. Keeping this thought to myself, I frantically searched for a way to get in. Jean then questioned, "What on earth are you looking for? You look like a dog digging for a bone!"

"I — I — I was just seeing that all the windows are locked. Nothing like being safe, is there?"

"I guess there isn't," Jean mumbled. "Well, what you waiting for?" Louise said impatiently.

Stalling for time, I said nervously, "It's a nice night. Let's stay out a while."

"Not me," Louise snapped quickly.

By this time I felt I should tell them the predicament we were in. In a shaky voice I started to say, "Girls, I must confess —"

Butting in, Jean said, "Wait till I get the key from under the door mat. Then you can tell us."

A feeling of pleasure came over me because I had just remembered my mother told me she left it there before she went on her trip.

I happily walked into the house and helped myself to a nice soft easy chair.

JOAN RICHARDS, '50

THE BATTLEFIELD

It is the morning after, now. The sun is rising, cold, bleak and unfriendly. We stand in the center and see nothing that reminds us of life. We wearily start walking toward what once were our lines. There's Joe lying there with a bayonet in his side, his pistol still smoking. Shell holes, half filled with water from the night's rain, float bodies of dead men.

All of them are dead, Sam, Pete and Joe. Fritz is over there, killed while fighting the country he was born in. Off to the right is a machine

gun pointing at what was once the enemy, now pointing at a row of dead men with the finger print of death on its trigger. Once enemies, they are all now lying side by side in a cold, bleak world. Nothing is alive, except the buzzards circling in the heavens. Everyone was some mother's boy, all fighting and dying. Why? They didn't know. No one knew. But now they're dead.

For the sake of future generations this sight must never be repeated.

ANDREW ALVINO, '48

COLORFUL NEW ENGLAND

The bright flaxen grain was nodding its head in a waltz time to the masterful trees which towered above it. It was a color symphony, with the honey-colored, brilliant yellow and blazing red autumn leaves blending like beautiful chords as in a full-toned concerto. The ground was full with a rich carpet of color. Like a little brownie, the wind would sneak gently up to you and then suddenly whip the leaves around and around like a whirl-pool slowly dying down, only to repeat itself in another spot. Yet, you could not feel chilly with this warm penetrating ball of fire beating down on you, casting rays of gold on Jack Frost's tinted nature. Even a renowned artist could never hope to get God's own colorful New England to look as beautiful.

MARJORIE LEE. '48

SPRING

The glistening snow is melting now;
It's falling gently from the bow.
The high snow banks are melting fast;
The winter months have quickly passed.

When the frozen lakes become all clear,

Then you will know that spring is here.

The birds come out, the robins sing;
All these things are signs of spring.

The blanket of white is off the ground,

With marbles and baseball all around.

The frost and cold that winters bring
Always fade out with the coming of spring.

JOAN LEIGHTON, '49

THE PIN ON MY SWEATER

On my brand new yellow sweater
I have a brand new little dog.
His eyes are the color of licorice,
His head made from a piece of log.

His tail is made from a pipe cleaner,
His body a piece of tin,
And he is attached to my yellow sweater

By a metal safety pin.

Now one day my poor little doggie
Began to lose his shine.
So I took him from my sweater
And sold him for a dime.

DOROTHY DUSHAME, '49

A RIVER

A river may lead to anywhere,
Through mountain land or creek,
But the river I like the best
Is the one that's clean and deep.

WILLIAM SMITH, '49

LIMERICK

A man by the name of MacSutton,
Who bolted his food like a glutton,
Once said with a jest,
As he wiped off his vest,
"I think I have bursted a button."

JOHN HALLSWORTH, '49



CHATTER

DOWN THE COURT

Johnson's basketball season came to a close several weeks ago. The team, captained by Don Dearden, had a fairly successful season. Two "sudden death" games dominated the highlights of the season, being played at Methuen and Dracut. Both games, however, were won by the opposition. The Methuen game was a heart-breaker because of an illegal basket. The illegal Methuen basket that split the nets, bounced off a railing, plus an anxious spectator's hands, into the hoop, costing our local five an all-important defeat.

Captain Dearden, with 84 points, paced Coach Lee's charges, with the exception of stellar sophomore forward Jack Kasheta with 117. Joe Driscoll with 48, Joe Guthrie with 18, and Gus Weigel were the top six respectively. Much credit goes to Carmen Petteruto, who stood out especially in the Methuen game by slicing the nets with a three-quarter floor shot in one of its many crucial moments.

Johnson 46	Burlington 44
Johnson 16	Punchard 38
Johnson 29	Chelmsford 43
Johnson 21	Tewksbury 34
Johnson 25	Howe 29
Johnson 27	Howe 17
Johnson 33	Dracut 35
Johnson 21	Chelmsford 30
Johnson 35	Methuen 37
Johnson 21	Burlington 38
Johnson 29	Tewksbury 35

STEPHEN DOHERTY, '47

GRADUATION HONORS

<i>Valedictorian</i>	James Greenler
<i>Salutatorian</i>	Robert Blanchette
<i>Class Essayist</i>	Barbara Campbell

"A DATE WITH JUDY"

The students of Johnson High school presented their annual play in Stevens' Hall, Thursday and Friday evenings, April 24 and 25, entitled "A Date With Judy."

This is a three-act comedy, directed by Miss Margaret Donlan of the high school faculty.

The cast of characters follows:

Judy Foster	Joyce Gilman
Randolph	Frank Lee
Mrs. Foster	June Schmottlach
Mr. Foster	John Kooistra
Hannah, the cook	Marie Consoli
Barbara Winsocket	Barbara Campbell
Mitzi Hoffman	Joan Connors
Oogie Pringle	Harold Dushame
Mrs. Schlutzhammer	Joan Reilly
Rex O'Connor	John Kasheta
Mrs. Hotchkiss	Marie Broderick
Eloise, her daughter	Barbara Wild
Susie, Rex's sister	Vera Sullivan
Mr. Martindale	Richard Fleming

GIRLS' BASKETBALL DANCE

On March 14 the Girls' Basketball Squad held their annual dance. The hall was decorated with festive balloons and multicolored crepe paper. The theme of the decorations was a circus. George Stewart, Don Smith, Joe Guthrie and David Balzuis acted as clowns. Many novelty dances were held. Jean Mahoney won the beauty contest and was crowned queen of the night. Bob Mitchell was crowned the king. Mike Wilson rendered a few songs. Denise Blanchette and Joyce Gilman were co-chairmen of the dance. It was a great success!

CAREER DAY

On Tuesday, April 8, the Guidance Department planned a Career Day. On this day the last three periods were devoted to attendance at talks provided by speakers who are prominent in various vocational fields. Pupils had a choice of seven to nine talks during each of the three periods. Attendance of all pupils was expected at one of these groups during each of the periods after recess. This meant that each pupil had the opportunity of attending three groups.

The following men and women were present to make speeches: *Agriculture and Farming*—Mr. James F. Gallant, Essex County Agricultural School; *Commercial Art*—Mr. Alan Furber, President of the School of Practical Art; *Engineering* — Mr. John W. Sheetz, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; *Laboratory Technician* — Miss Eulalia Quinn, St. John's Hospital; *Librarian* — Miss Marion F. Batchelder, Director, Stevens Memorial Library; *Medicine* — Dr. Frederick C. Atkinson; *Teaching* — Miss Marie Gearan, Director of Training, Lowell Teachers' College; *Telephone Company* — Mr. Edwin Bramley, Manager, and Miss Frackelton; *Business and Clerical* — Miss Hilda McNally, Boston Clerical School; *Dramatics and Radio*—Mrs. Margaret G. Wilson, Emerson College; *Homemaking* — Miss Ethel M. Moore, Educational Manager, Essex County Agricultural School; *Law* — Mr. Arnold Salisbury, Selectman, North Andover; *Medical Secretary*—Mrs. Grace Loring, Burdett College; *Music* — Mr. Charles S. Kent, New England Conservatory of Music; *Trade Schools for Boys*—Mr. Joseph A. Bedard, State Supervisor of Occupational Information and Counseling; *Accounting and Business Administration*—Mr. Matthew J. Malloy, President, Stratford School; *Aviation* — Mr. Herman O. Turcotte, Coordinator of Training, New England Aircraft

School; *Home Economics for College Graduates* — Miss Marie Murphy; *Journalism*—Professor A. Lawrence MacKenzie, Boston University; *Nursing*—Mrs. Fred Eastman, R.N.; *Pharmacy*—Mr. Robert A. Walsh, Massachusetts College of Pharmacy; *Physical Education for Girls*—Miss Jean Graham, President, Athletic Association, Sargent College; *Secretarial Work*—Miss Jenny K. Dunn, Katherine Gibbs School; *Physical Education for Boys*—Mr. David A. Atwood, Assistant to Director of Admissions, Springfield College; *Social Work* — Mr. Francis McCabe, Boston College.

The following students were our reception committee: D. Dushame, S. Cronin, J. Connors, M. Lee, C. Killam, J. Meserve, N. Connell, J. Schmottlach, N. Giglio, L. Consoli, V. Sullivan, J. Green, J. Guthrie, G. Weigel, P. Hilton, E. Brown, D. James, Richard Jordan, W. Ness, C. Heijn, R. Blanchette, F. Connors, R. Mooradian, A. Awley, H. Allison, G. Stewart. Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Hayes, under the supervision of Miss Murphy, prepared delicious luncheons, which were served by R. Camasso, A. Bashaw, A. Doherty and B. Campbell.

MacINTOSH SPEAKING CONTEST

The Sophomore Class is justly proud of Joan Reilly, who was the winner of the third annual MacIntosh Prize Speaking Contest held in St. Paul's parish hall on March 13. Joan's essay was Edgar Ansel Mower's "A Warning to America." A tie existed for second place between Marilyn Caliri, who delivered "The Vast Majority of the Human Race on Our Side," by Franklin D. Roosevelt; and Joyce Robinson, who gave "Mother of Men," by C. C. Dill. Another sophomore, Mary Finn, who won third place, spoke on Franklin D. Roosevelt's "A Challenge to Youth."

The prizes, which consisted of \$15,

\$10, and \$5, were awarded by Rev. John C. Lorden, former curate at St. Michael's Church, who, together with Rabbi Meyer Meremansky of Lawrence and Rev. Alexander S. Twombly, rector of St. Paul's Church, were the judges.

Special thanks and praise go to Mr. Donovan, who directed and trained the speakers; and let's not forget Gloria Houde, Donald James, Joyce Gilman, Judith Chadwick, and Vincent Lambert for the really fine speaking they delivered that night.

LOUISE R. CONSOLI, '48

HONOR ROLL, MARCH 28

SIX HONORS: Louise Consoli, James Greenler, Florence O'Keefe, Justine Fitzgerald.

FIVE HONORS: June Schmottlach, Leon Wood, Richard Jordan, Jacqueline Meserve, Arthur Forgetta, Cornelis Heijn, Mary Finn, Rosemary Macklin, Anthony Forgetta.

FOUR HONORS: Rosalie Camasso, Rita Farrell, Barbara Campbell, Ruth Turner, Eleanor George, Mary C. Hickey, Janet Knightly, Mary Rafone, Joan Reilly, Margaret Hickey, Rae Long.

THREE HONORS: Marie Torpey, Marie Consoli, Harold Vincent, Robert Blanchette, Marie Broderick, Agnes Doherty, Alice Tardiff, Laura Mangano, Arthur Awley, Eunice Minzner, Jane Leighton, John Kasheta, Joan Diamont, Dorothy Dushame, Eva Lundquist, Ruth Sanford, Bertha Curry.

TWO HONORS: Joyce Robinson, Janet Smith, Francis Connors, Mary Curley, Joyce Gilman, Nancy Ballantyne, Barbara Gillespie, Marie Galvagna, Frances Ippolito, Muriel Schofield, Rose Torrissi, John Kooistra, Joan Leighton, Helen Hogan, Joan Connors, Ruth Davis, William Magowan.

ONE HONOR: Natalie Giglio, Ar-

lene Bashaw, William Carter, Donald James, Gloria Houde, Mary Frechette, Marilyn Kent, Vincent Lambert, Jean Mahoney, Dorothy Black, Mary Chamberlin, Margaret Twomey, Lucy Gucciardi, Andrew Alvino, Bernadette Vose, William MacCannell, Gilbert Lundquist, James Tamagnine, Martha Kane, Norma Legare, Mary Maude, Charlotte Killam, Richard DeAdder, Constance Chadwick, Joan Finn, Constance Calabrese, Charlotte Hutton, Gladys Curren, Richard Hilton, James Kennedy, James Greene, Ruth Thomson, Joan Canty, Beatrice McKinnon, May Murray, Joan Narushof, Nancy Schuster, Joan Richards, Kathleen Donnelly, Marilyn Caliri, Virginia Kimball, Dorothy Alvino, Jane Brown, Beatrice D'Anjou, Robert Hagen.

SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR DANCE

On March 28 the Sophomore-Junior Class ran a dance for all classes. The hall was decorated in red and white. Under the new code of laws, the dance was run in a very orderly manner. The following students were on the committee: all the class officers, Joan Connors, Bob Driscoll, Grace Stewart, Betty Choquette, Don Farrow, Gus Weigel and Margie Schofield. All in all, the dance was a success!

BASKETBALL BANQUET

The Johnson High girls' basketball squad were guests at a banquet held at Howe, Billerica, in honor of all the teams in the Lowell Suburban League. Following the dinner there were guest speakers, mostly coaches, referees, and the principal of Howe High School. After this there was dancing in the auditorium. Everyone had a wonderful evening and made many new friends from other schools.

MARIE TORPEY, '47



EXCHANGES

CHUCKLES

EXCHANGES

Back again with some really sharp "doos and dats" from other schools.

The Swampscotta:

Your magazine is really solid. Editorials are very interesting. Ditto the baby pictures.

"The ten best years of man's life are the ten before he stumbles and Mrs."

§ § § §

McIntosh Lookout:

Your paper on "Past and Present" was really interesting. "Who's Who" caught our eye, as many of us were acquainted with some of the girls.

"He loves her for her outdoor look;

It would destroy his dreams
To know the many hours it took
To make her what she seems."

§ § § §

The Canary:

A good paper, but how about a little humor? "Abierta Ud la Puerto, Ricardo" was pretty sharp.

§ § § §

The Western Graphic:

Your paper appeals to many of us, as we too will be entering college soon. We are very much interested in who was chosen beauty queen.

§ § § §

The Head Light:

Your articles, "Why?" and "Whirlwind" were very good. It would be nice if you could have some humor or poems.

§ § § §

The Cub:

Your "Diary" section is interesting. "Solo by the Gremlin in the Front Cockpit" was good.

"Mamie—"I never sausage heat."

Jamie—"I'll say! I'm bacon'."

§ § § §

The Holten:

Your Senior Dance must have been nice.

"As lightly as your love for me,
I bore my love for you,
And knowing you would kill and
tell,

I kissed and tattled too."

BARBARA GALLANT, '47

CHUCKLES

Here you are, again, gals and gates, back in the joke section. Hope you like the gags!!!!

* * *

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign on a Detroit used-car lot—"Blow horn. I'll buy it."

Sign on department-store counter—"Extra-large bath towels, just the thing to wear when answering the phone."

Sign in the window of a second-hand bookshop in California—"We buy old furniture and books. We sell rare antiques."

Sign in a New York repair shop—"We fix everything but football games."

A Philadelphia nut shop boasts—"If our peanuts were any fresher, they'd be insulting."

Advertisement in the *Washington Star*—"Democrats leaving Washington—Don't give your apartment to a Republican. Let this veteran with wife and child have it."

Sign outside a Philadelphia garage—"Cars washed, \$3. Jeeps dunked, \$1.50."

IMPROVING ON THE DICTIONARY

Argument—Discussion in which a husband is permitted to have next to the last word.

Bachelor—A man who thinks before he leaps and then does not leap.

Conceit—A form of I-strain that doctors can't cure.

Dime—A dollar with all the taxes taken out.

Fib—Lie that has not cut its teeth.

Income—The amount of money that, no matter how large it is, you spend more than.

Inflation—Instead of not having the money you haven't, you'd have twice as much, but it would be worth only half of what you haven't got.

Relatives—People who wonder how you manage to be so well-off.

* * *

A pan handler in an exceedingly unhappy state approached a potential donor and asked for a penny.

"I haven't eaten in three days," he moaned.

"If that's the case," said the other, "why do you ask for only one penny?"

"Look, mister," retorted the beggar impatiently, "I just want to weigh myself and see how many pounds I've lost."

* * *

A husband and wife quarreled at breakfast, and the husband, blazing with anger, pounded the table and shouted: "This time things have gone too far. I'm leaving for good! I mean it; I'm never coming back again," he continued dramatically. "Maybe I'll go into the wild jungles, or maybe to the stormy Arctic regions. I might even get into a rocket plane aimed at the moon."

He opened the front door, stepped out, then stepped right back into the house. "It's a good thing for you," he muttered, "that it's raining!"

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IN

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